

his tone even though there was glass on his desk. If I had been signing something at the time, I'm afraid no one would have passed my signature. SHAEF headquarters at that time were located in Selfridges annex just off Oxford Street. Well after those bombs began to show up, SHAEF moved out quick to Bushy Park about 25 miles SW of London. To show how well the German agents in England knew what was going on and could transmit the information to Berlin via short wave, the next day after SHAEF moved, Lord Haw-Haw announced to all and sundry about their moving to Bushy Park. It was shortly after my conference with Col. Roch that our outfit was ordered to the continent. We first assembled at Bushy Park then departed for Southampton with about 150 vehicles. We arrived at Southampton about 500Pm parking in a staging area set aside for us, had our supper about 600Pm via the mess kit route then sat around the tents and to bed about 1130Pm. But hold it, at 130Am we were roused out to leave immediately. We carried our gear about two miles where we met vehicles and were transported to the docks, but strangely, no one seemed to know on what boat on which we were to embark on. Then it started to rain, lightly but enough to get you wet. Near by was a long abandoned machine shop building, the machines had been moved somewhere in the interior but it provided some sort but if cold wet shelter because most of the side windows had been shattered. I had two K rations in my bag which I shared with British Major T. B. Carr of 24 Blenheim Road Bickley, Bromley, Kent. He was very appreciative but more about him later. Along about 10 O'clock two especially built Red Cross busses donated by the Wyoming Red Cross and manned by Wyoming gals showed up & began to serve coffee & doughnuts. They were very heartily greeted. Finally about 500Pm we got aboard a "Liberty" which was supposed to leave at 630. So we loaded up and stayed right there in the hold until the next morning. The Captain said someone had failed to notify the proper persons to get a couple of tugs to turn us around & head out to sea. It was about 800Am when we finally got turned around and headed out. About 1030Am while Major Carr & I were standing on the deck we heard two bangings against the ships sides & looked up in time to see water spouts about five miles distance to our left shoot up. We breathed a sigh of relief that possibly the sub chasers had gotten one of the subs that probably was out to get us. We rounded the Cherbourg peninsula about 500Pm & proceeded to "Utah" beach, but the surf was so rough that we had to lay off for two days before disembarking. That was bad. There were about 150 of us in the hold, ventilation poor & not room enough on deck for all of us, there were no lights & we depended on what light we could get from the hatches. I finally got a twisted pair & with the aid of an electrician got a couple of lights going but it was dank & soggy down there. Outside of the two K rations that I brought along with me, we were subsisting on C rations and the only way we could heat them was to tie a wire around a can, lower it in a 10 gallon galvanized garbage can under which I had up on some bricks a furnace of a primitive sort. Ordinarily those Liberty's would cross the channel in six to eight hours & evidently our transportation boys figured rations & room on that basis instead of the four days that it actually took us to move from

Southampton until disembarking at Utah. Major Carr had an injured ankle which he had picked up at Salerno and was retired on a physical disability, but he would'nt stay out of it and got in PWD. About half of the PWD personnel were composed of British & Americans so he got himself attached to that organization. While I was in London, I met thru' our CIC outfit a British lady who was connected with the British Ministry of War Information. A very charming person. Her husband was with the British consular service and I believe at that time was in India. Mrs. Mia Hunt^{Wm} Hunt & I became firm friends which has lasted thru' the years. Due to the pounding London took from Goering's blitz, she was reduced to a nervous state so when the buzz bombs came over she would duck to the underground at the first alert. The Americans seldom went under shelter, thinking it some sort of a game. I was impressed with the fortitude with which the English middle class manned the air-raid centers, sitting there covered with blankets with a bucket of water, stirrup pump and a pitiful bucket of sand with which to fight incendiary bomb fires. One night, Ted Malone who went on the BBC air at 200AM invited me to come down & he would give me an opportunity to say a few words to America. This would be 700 O'clock in Little Rock & Helen always listened to the 700AM broadcast, naturally I jumped at the chance to say a few words. Mrs. Hunt knew some of the outfit at the station so about 130AM we started down there in what I have previously described a complete blackout. Too soon afterwards all hell broke loose. Mrs. Hunt disappeared to a shelter & I never got to the BBC station. I did not see Mrs. Hunt any more nor was I able to keep my appointment with Malone as the next days I received my traveling orders to go to the Continent. (if I had much typing to do, I would hire a blonde stenographer and buy a new typewriter)

After standing by Utah for two days we were finally loaded on a navy lighter. That was my first experience descending from the top side of a ship to a smaller one via a Jacobs ladder and carrying ones own gear, about 60 pounds. There was about a six foot swell between the two vessels but when I close to the lighter two sailors grabbed the ladder while one held fast the other assisted me to the lighter. Major Carr followed soon. I soon smelled some food & made myself known at the galley where I was fixed up with four delicious turkey sandwiches with coffee which I divided with Carr. I think he could have placed a legion of merit badge on me had one been available. Eventually we got moving and climbed right out of the water on the beach. There was still about a two mile walk to the staging area. Carr's foot began to play out on him & I relieved him of his hand baggage and machete bag and we finally made it. After reaching the staging area we were served with soluble coffee and K rations before loading on 6X6 trucks for Cherbourg, a distance of about 30 miles and very dusty. Before leaving Utah we were also given cigarettes, chocolate bars & gum. Soon after passing Valognes little urchins began to trail along beside the truck and it did ones heart good to be able to give them chocolates and "chew gum". Carr did not stay at Cherbourg but was sent to Caen, headquarters of a British held area. I never saw him again but after the armistice received a card from him from Genoa Italy to which I replied to his home at Bromley, Kent. I never received

a reply, so I'm afraid he had passed on. Upon arrival at Cherbourg, three of my outfit and I were billeted at a former Garman honky-tonk. The Germans left so hurriedly, there were still signs on the entrance mess hall & doors. I stayed there only a week then I secured a room with a French family where I at least had a better room with bath and toilet facilities. I was also lucky in obtaining mess at the Civil Affairs organization, a small outfit whose commander was captain Zuber a former judge from Columbus Ohio. The mess sergeant was Clark from here in Little Rock where he is now employed by a railroad. Cherbourg was badly banged up by the Germans and by the allies in running them out. The Germans pretty thoroughly destroyed all railway facilities and ships warves so we were faced with the problem of double handling of all war equipment. The incoming vessels could not come into port but had to stop three or four miles out where their cargoes were discharged into "ducks" which in turn moved to the beaches where lading was unloaded then reloaded in trucks for movement to the front. It was here that the famous "redball express" was organized and kept moving all kinds of materiel to the front. It was several months before railroad facilities were restored to any semblance of organized movement after we began to receive some good USA locomotives and cars. By this time we were able to use the port at Rouen which helped out very materially. It was to this port that I was sent on 12 November 1944, as liaison transportation officer in charge of warehouse & shipping at "V" shed. Ocean vessels could come right up to the Seine from LeHarve and unload their cargoes directly on the docks where it could be loaded with but one handling on the trucks. Cherbourg has a historical connection with the United States in that during the civil war a confederate and union warships fought a battle off the three mile limit of Cherbourg. There are a number of graves in the Cherbourg cemetery occupied by crew member from both ships. I made several notes from the old tombstones of the occupants. While at Cherbourg I was assigned a good joe as my driver, in fact he was my man "Friday". Moore is a successful architect now in Chicago. Thru' devious means, I secured a weapons carrier for our use as it was apparent that I would have considerable traveling to do. Moore was a pretty good cabinet man and carpenter. He constructed two single bunks on one side of that "camion", fixed a drop table and seats opposite. I also secured a double Coleman gas burner heater from one of the hospital boys, so when we were out we did not have to depend on the "Town Major" for a place to eat and sleep but just pulled over to the side of the hi-way where Moore would make up a tempting meal. He was a pretty good scrounger and as I did not smoke, used my cigarette rations ~~exchange~~ trade to the French farmers for fresh eggs and vegetables. All in all we were very conveniently situated. My friend Clark at Cherbourg civil affairs kept us well supplied with canned goods from his commissary. We left Cherbourg as our base on the morning of 11 November 1944 for Paris where I was to report for further assignment. About 20 miles out we could see the Eiffel tower distinctly but by time we reached our hotel-garage, OWI, there was a complete blackout. It was on this day that a huge parade was held on the Champs Elysee forming at Arc De Triumph continuing thru' to Place de Concorde. Place de Concorde is rich in French history and I could recite pages from my researches. I was disappointed that we missed the parade but

heard plenty about it the next day. Churchill stole the show from De Gaulle and I imagine ~~xxxx~~ if Eisenhower had been there he would have carried the banner, but our people decided this was a French holiday and Patton's forces were directed to by-pass Paris. While in London, I also met a French woman, Linette Berger, who was with the French FFI and pretty well connected at 10 Downing Street. Just before I left London, she gave me a small cross of Lorraine to be pinned under ~~neath~~ **my lapel, and a note to an associate** of hers in Paris. This introduction to the man in Paris whom I met the next day, 12 November, ripened into a friendship which continues to this day. M'sieu Berger is directeur of Hilditch & Key, a swanky mens shop at 252 rue de Rivoli just across Place de Concorde at upper end of Champs Elysee about a block from the American Embassy. At that time, M. Berger & his family, Mme. Berthe, two young daughters, Anne Marie and Francoise and son Emille were not eating very regular and there was no fuel for heating. While he was well fixed, food & fuel just wasn't there. Their flat was just around the corner on rue St. Honore. You remember it was down rue St. Honore that the revolutionaries brought Marie Antoinette around to the Place de Concorde and guillotined her. Helen used to occasionally send the Bergers, stockings and lingerie for Mme. Berthe and the girls which has since paid off. When the Germans were approaching Paris, Berger as well as countless other Frenchmen sent their securities to London and New York. I was instrumental in opening an account for M. Berger with the Chase National Bank in New York and ~~has~~ he had considerable stocks in U. S. Steel and International Paper, the dividends which had accumulated was no small amount. When I last visited France, I was a guest of the Bergers even to their taking me down to their old estate on the River Loire at Onzain just across the river from chateau Chaumont. I saw where Marie de Medici worshipped and her boudoir which are in good medieval condition. While ~~in~~ Onzain, Berger and I attended Palm Sunday services at an old cathedral where Joan of Arc worshipped in the 15th century then went north to Rouen where the English burned her at the stake for heresy! Now on the 20th of May a parade is held down the rue Joan de Arc to the river Seine where flowers are thrown in her memory. Such is the fickleness of history. The priest at the Onzain church was very amiable.

On my last visit to Paris, I found the Berger girls had grown into good looking ones and Francoise is being groomed to take over the business of her father. After returning to Paris, I left immediately for Rouen where I was to remain for over eight months, but as my headquarters were in Paris I drove down about every fortnight over the week end. It is only 125 kms over a well constructed highway which was not damaged during the war as there were no land engagements in this area. After I arrived in Rouen, I was fortunate in being billeted with a French family, Captain and Mme. Pasquelin, in a comparative modern and recently constructed home. I messed at Hotel De La Poste about 10 blocks from the Pasquelin home on rue Joan de Arc. As I walked this distance, I passed the tower almost daily where Joan of Arc was incarcerated prior to her execution. Moore kept the camion with him across the river and would meet me at the hotel and take me down to the warehouse. The Pasquelins had no fuel either but after a week or so Moore would bring a sack of coal with which we heated a shot gun stove in the sitting room. During the evening Mme Pasquelin would frequently heat a brick, wrap it

and place in my bed. That was one of the coldest winters on record and Rouen has the reputation of being the coldest in France. After the Rouen port began to function a battalion of engineers got a fleet of Gantry cranes working on the dock and we really went to town. When Runstedt made his counter attack it must have been zero or lower every night. One night I noticed several times the wheels of those tractors and 6X6's throw fire when the wheels would slip on the ice. Ammo was our problem then to head off Runstedt. I had a bunch of German POW's helping to load material but had to relieve them at 200AM and get a fresh bunch from the stockade. I think most of those German POW's were glad to be our prisoners. According to the Geneva articles all prisoners of belligerents were supposed to get the same rations as their captors but it is well known that the Nazi and Hitler's SS men treated their prisoners with cruelty even to civilians. The Germans certainly did not want to be captured by the Russians.

Rouen is one of the oldest cities in France, dating from around the 4th century. There are many beautiful old churches, chiefly among them, the Cathedral Notre Dame of Rouen (1201-1527) and is classed, "as one of the best examples of Gothic architecture in the world". I was more impressed by it than the Strassburg cathedral and Notre Dame in Paris. While it was pretty rough that winter, in retrospect I'm glad that I was detailed to that time in the old city. It was here that Guy de Maupassant lived and wrote his stories in the 15th century. There is the Gros-Horloge, "The Great Clock" erected over a street just off rue Joan de Arc, the oldest part is the Gothic Belfry, 14th century, in which are two old bells; the "Rouvel" also styled Cloche D' Argent, (Silver Bell) and the "Cache Ribaud", which ~~is~~ at 900 o'clock every evening has sounded curfew since the time of William the Conqueror (1066-1087). At the top of the tower is the big iron clock (1389) which is said to be the oldest in the world & which keeps perfect time. I have heard it many times sound off the curfew at 2100 hours.

After Jack left the Aleutians, Helen not hearing from him became disturbed. Thru' our port commanders office, I learned that his outfit were taking amphibious training on the west coast, but I could not tell her this. Finally the whole division showed up at Fe-Camp about 40 miles from Rouen, enroute Germany. Jack showed up at our mess while I was eating and the meeting was very cordial. The next morning I sent Helen a code cable: "162/166/29" which literally translated means, "Anxiety unnecessary, Both Well, Love". She received the cable in her office about 10 o'clock and "got it". I figured she would know that if I had become mixed up with a French dame, I would not be cabling her bragging about it. About this time, 11th Port at Rouen began to fold up and special service personnel moved east as soon as we could turn the equipment over to the French. I also lost my driver, Moore. When Runstedt made his last throw, the army began to take all but the most essential to higher officers. Moore with hundreds of others were sent to Fontainebleau, beautiful place and well preserved, where they were held until the final collapse of Germany. Some were sent back to the states, others to the Pacific area. I did not mind what driving I expected to do and exchanged the old camion for a brand new jeep which I christened the "Razorback" which became well known. Headquarters then sent me up to LeHarve in an attempt to secure a large shed for use as a warehouse. I stayed up there for about a week and could not find anything suitable without having to move a lot of

obsolete machinery and so recommended against it. My recommendation was approved and I was brought back to Paris and assigned to the Information Service. Some one still found some traveling for me to do however, making jaunts back up to Cherbourg, LeMans, Antwerp. It was on the last of one of these jaunts that a tire blew out and we headed into a tree, fracturing my arm which bothered me until after I returned to the states. I did not know I was so popular (?) with the WAC and nurse personell. One thing, most of them knew I had an unlimited pass and vehicle and they were not amissto riding ^{was} me. That almost got me into trouble later on. While in Paris ^{was} I quartered at Hotel D'Astorg and I had a good set up. Things were beginnin g to taper off then and some of use began to abuse the directive that forbid carrying French civilians around in US government vehicles. One night at the end of a dancing party at the hotel, a British Major and I were to escort to French women to their homes. My date was secretary to an executive of Gooty's and a knock out. It was about seven miles to her home. Well a road block had been set up and the MP's stopped me. The commies were begining to come into action then so I told the MP when I showed him my pass that I suspected the person with me as a subversive. He looked and read the pass again and remarked, "I think you are lieing, but go ahead"! Shortly after that I was instructed to turn in the jeep and when I made a trip out of Paris, to requisition transportation from the motor pool. That suited me perfectly. I had previously told the chief that if I had tire or a mechanical failure, I would abandon the vehicle as I felt that I could not undertake to change a tire or work on the vehicle. He did'nt like it very much but agreed that it would be a rough job on the road for a man of my age! I did'nt mind the little dig and was about ready to go home any way. I'll never forget afterwards they sent me to LeHarve to look up some stuff. The pool showed up with a Belgian driving a new Dodge station wagon and drove like a wild man. Returning from LeHarve I took the route via Rouen to see my old friends and that new station wagon attracted very much attention. I could see that my activities so far as traveling was concerned was tapering off and I spent most of my time at the sidewalk cafes sight seeing and listening. Webers was my favorite spot, just off Place de La Concorde. I had heard a rumor that I might be sent to Singapore. That was the last place that I wanted to go. During this time, our son Jack was moving thru' Germany. I quote in part a citation from Harris M. Melasky, M. G. U S Army Commanding: CITATION -Sil Ver Star- Lt.Col. Jack R. Looney---Led his battalion across the Danube River in assault boats, etc. Jack has since been promoted to a full colonel G-4 in Formosa. We hope to see him soon. I shall always remember the celebration in Paris on Tuesday morning V-E day and observing the celebration the balance of the day & far into the night. The weather could not have been better. The town was turned over to the GI's. A party of us spent several hours at Webers sidewalk cafe watching the crowds. A T-5 had secured a hand siren and made it his duty to ride the hood of a 6X6 truck loaded to the guards with WAC's, M lles and GI's. I never thought so many people could pack into Champs Elysees, around the Arc and extending out on Grand Armee, how far, I

never found out. When the Germans were finally whipped, SHAEF headquarters were then in Frankfurt. A notice came out with a caption, "The End of SHAEF". There was something nostalgic about this. I was proud to have been one of those who had been detailed in London to SHAEF, and cherish the confidence with which their intelligence issued me the "Green Pass".

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A sentimental American newspaperman clinked down his glass on a Paris bar. Outside, shouting Frenchmen danced in the streets on Bastille Day, 14 July." Look at them" he murmured disgustedly "Celebrating at the very last moment SHAEF breathes its last. Many an Allied officer and correspondent felt similiar twinge as Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Force disbanded after seventeen months and one day..

-FINIS*

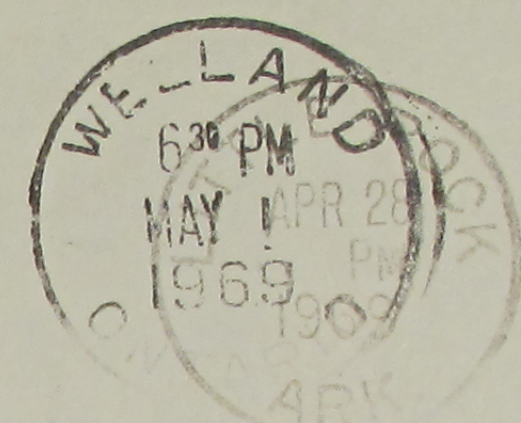
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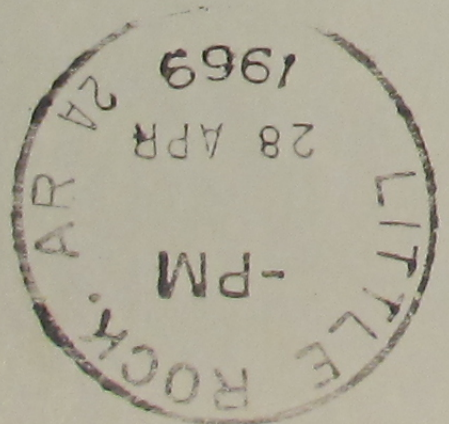
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